

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Salt Lake & Fort Douglas Railway

Will run Trains to and from Fort Douglas as follows:

TIME TABLE No. 2. To take effect July 2, 1888.

EASTWARD.					WESTWARD.				
No. 9.	No. 7.	No. 5.	No. 3.	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 4.	No. 6.	No. 8.	No. 10.
P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Lv 8:40	Lv 12:25	Lv 5:25	Lv 7:55	Lv 6:45	Lv 8:45	Lv 10:35	Lv 7:30	Lv 2:30	Lv 9:50
Lv 8:44	Lv 12:29	Lv 5:29	Lv 7:59	Lv 6:49	Lv 8:49	Lv 10:39	Lv 7:34	Lv 2:34	Lv 9:54
Lv 8:48	Lv 12:33	Lv 5:33	Lv 8:03	Lv 6:53	Lv 8:53	Lv 10:43	Lv 7:38	Lv 2:38	Lv 9:58
Lv 8:52	Lv 12:37	Lv 5:37	Lv 8:07	Lv 6:57	Lv 8:57	Lv 10:47	Lv 7:42	Lv 2:42	Lv 10:02
Lv 8:56	Lv 12:41	Lv 5:41	Lv 8:11	Lv 7:01	Lv 9:01	Lv 10:51	Lv 7:46	Lv 2:46	Lv 10:06
Lv 9:00	Lv 12:45	Lv 5:45	Lv 8:15	Lv 7:05	Lv 9:05	Lv 10:55	Lv 7:50	Lv 2:50	Lv 10:10
Lv 9:04	Lv 12:49	Lv 5:49	Lv 8:19	Lv 7:09	Lv 9:09	Lv 10:59	Lv 7:54	Lv 2:54	Lv 10:14
Lv 9:08	Lv 12:53	Lv 5:53	Lv 8:23	Lv 7:13	Lv 9:13	Lv 11:03	Lv 7:58	Lv 2:58	Lv 10:18
Lv 9:12	Lv 12:57	Lv 5:57	Lv 8:27	Lv 7:17	Lv 9:17	Lv 11:07	Lv 8:02	Lv 3:02	Lv 10:22
Lv 9:16	Lv 13:01	Lv 6:01	Lv 8:31	Lv 7:21	Lv 9:21	Lv 11:11	Lv 8:06	Lv 3:06	Lv 10:26
Lv 9:20	Lv 13:05	Lv 6:05	Lv 8:35	Lv 7:25	Lv 9:25	Lv 11:15	Lv 8:10	Lv 3:10	Lv 10:30

Trains Nos. 1 and 2 run daily (Sundays and Wednesdays excepted), No. 1 arriving at Fort Douglas in time for Full Dress Parade every day in the week (Sundays and Wednesdays excepted). Trains 3, 4, 7, 8, 9 and 10 run Sundays only, No. 3 arriving at the Fort in time for Dress Parade, Sunday morning inspection and guard mounting. Nos. 8 and 9 connecting with D. & R. G. Bathing Trains to and from Lake Park. Trains 5 and 6 run Sundays and Wednesdays only, No. 5 arriving at Fort Douglas in time for band practice.

Remember there is now nearly a Regiment of Soldiers and a Fine Band at Fort Douglas, which appear at Guard Mountings and Dress Parades Daily, and at Band Concerts Wednesdays and Sundays.

To see the City and Valley in all its beauty, take a ride over the Salt Lake & Fort Douglas.

Street Car Connections at Liberty Park, First South and Twelfth East Sts.

FARE FROM MAIN STREET AND RETURN, 25c.

JOHN W. YOUNG, Pres. and Manager. C. W. HARDY, Supt. and Engineer. W. W. MACKINTOSH, G. F. and P. A.

Salt Lake & Ogden.
BUGGIES & ROAD CARTS,
Phaetons and Surrey Wagons,
Handsomely Finished, Durable, and at Very Low Prices.
GEO. A. LOWE
Mowers, Sulky Rakes, Corn Binders and Headers,
SCHUTTLER FARM & SPRING WAGONS,
Ames' Portable Engines, Leffel Turbine
Wheels, Saw Mills, Barb Fence
Wire, Wagon Material,
Best Make of LAWN MOWERS
Quotations & Circulars
on Application

A Choice Assortment of
FURNITURE.
WEST, FIRST SOUTH STREET.
68 NEVE & CHILD
WEST, FIRST SOUTH STREET.
70 WINDOW SHADES
In Great Variety and Very LOW.
UPHOLSTERY
Of our own make & Imported
ALSO.

DRIVE WELL PIPE,
BEST QUALITY, 1 1/4 INCH, 100 PER FOOT, AT
Heesch & Ellerbeck's,
49 E. FIRST SOUTH STREET

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WOOLLEY, LUND & JUDD,
Importers and Jobbers of
Agricultural Implements and Wagons

General Agents for the
Champion Harvesting Machinery, Fish Bros' Wagons
Moline Steel Plows, Imperial Chilled Plows, Buckey
Rakes, Grain Drills, Cultivators and Spring-tooth
Harrows, Springfield Threshers, Horse Powers,
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Grinders, Sechler Buggies, Carriages and
Road Carts, Fish Bros' Spring Wagons.

HARDWARE AND WAGON REPAIRS. COMPLETE STOCK OF 'PA'
FOR CHAMPION MACHINES.

SALT LAKE CITY. Branch Houses: Ogden, St. George & Silver Reef.

WHITE & SONS'
WHOLESALE
PRICE LIST

BEEF, PRIME GRAIN-FED, 7c
BEEF, SECOND QUALITY, 6c
BEEF, THIRD 5 1/2c
MUTTON, 5c
BEEF QUARTERS, FROM 4 to 9c

A Liberal Discount to the Trade.

GHOSTS GUARD A MINE

A Mountain of Gold in Sinaloa
Now Owned by Spirits.

IT IS OPENED ONCE A YEAR.

Strange Traditions of Massacred
Miners—A Tough Yarn—Spooks
at Their Lunch.

A Sonora correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat writes: About sixty miles from the Pacific Coast, in the State of Sinaloa, is a mountain known as "Cerro del Oro," or Hill of Gold. It rises in majestic grandeur from the midst of clustering hills, grand in themselves, but insignificant in the presence of this silent, gloomy, rugged old king. To the casual observer there is nothing remarkable about this magnificent mountain, whose sides are covered with vegetation, and apparently as smooth as the grassy slopes of California, seen from the deck of a passing steamer. Its immensity is not realized until the ascent is undertaken. Its sides, apparently so smooth, are found to be traversed by deep gorges and by fissures, shaded by giant trees, whose interlacing branches cast a sombre gloom over the entrances to the deep canyons. It is with hesitation akin to fear that one enters their cavernous depths. There it is that the people of the neighboring hamlets have taken refuge in the dark days of revolution and invading wars, leaving their poor huts, and huddling their children together to seek shelter from the rude storm of human passion, in the rugged bosom of the old mountain of mystery. Many a gray-headed man and woman can remember the time when, with hurried steps and many backward glances they sought shelter in the deepest fastnesses, as the only haven of safety. Fortunate were they who had sufficient warning to gather up their few cows and burros, the former furnishing milk, and the latter loaded with corn and bedding from the home that would soon be destroyed by the relentless torch of the invader.

Nothing but war in its cruellest form could induce a Mexican to leave his home and seek shelter in the gloomy caves of old Cerro del Oro. For it is the abode of spirits and demons. No one cares to venture alone into the depths. Many queer tales are told of the strange sights seen by venture-some persons. That it is under a spell of enchantment is well known by the old and firmly believed by the young. That extensive mining has been done in this mountain no one can doubt, as numerous patios where ore was assayed and ruins of arrastras where the gold was extracted, prove that beyond a doubt, and by digging into the piles of waste fine specimens of free gold ore are obtained. Occasionally, in the neighboring villages, while excavating foundations for houses, bars of gold have been discovered and ornaments of gold, crudely hammered out, have been unearthed. But there are no gold mines known to exist within leagues of this mountain.

A STRANGE TRADITION.

There is a strange tradition handed down, that long ago this hill was the scene of active mining; that the mountain side, now so gloomy and silent echoed the click of the hammer, and voice of the muleteer urging the patient animals as they toiled around the arrastras, and the singing of the happy miners rushing down the mountain side, their day's task done—thinking of the bright eyes waiting for them and the hot tortillas and frijoles waiting for them at their humble little homes.

But in an evil day all was changed. A band of robbers, lured by the glitter of the abundant gold, swept down the mountain side like a blast of fire, shot down the men like dogs, not leaving a soul alive to tell the tale. They looted all the mines with treasures and left the place, so lately full of life, a scene of grim death and desolation. Then it was that the "Duendes" (fairies) of the mountain by enchantment closed up the entrances of the mine, and it is said that spirits of the murdered miners still dwell in the mines.

Once every year the portals of the mines are opened. On the eve of St. John towards evening an old man appears at the mouth of the tunnel, and later, the mountain side is peopled as of old, the ghostly actors going through the work in a lifeless manner with their hammers, the muleteers at their arrastras, all busily at work, but silent as the grave. A young man who was belated while looking for cattle came unexpectedly upon the scene. He was fixed without power of motion, and was forced against his will to see the ghostly crew at work over the glittering golden treasures. At 12 o'clock, the ghostly captain gave the signal, and all hands quit work, and seizing their napkins, containing the midnight lunch, lit fires to heat their tortillas and coffee. The fire was an unearthly blue, and burned with a flickering, uncertain light. The eyes of each and every one was lit up with an uncanny glow of phosphorescent light. At a word they all resumed work, until at the crowing of a cock at a distant hamlet all vanished, and the unwilling spectator found himself again capable of motion. In the gray morning, he rushed frantically home, tearing his flesh and clothing in his mad rush through the thorny brush. Arriving home, he was met by a horrified look from his wife, who fell fainting to the ground. His hair had turned snow white, and while only 25 years old, he appeared to be an old man of 60.

ANOTHER LEGEND.

Years after this, some little girls were out gathering wild fruit. They came upon a level place free of bushes, which they never remember to have seen. Looking up they saw the entrance to a tunnel, and just inside was seated a venerable old man who was making motions for them to come closer, but they being frightened ran home. The next day a party of men visited the spot, but it was a tangled labyrinth of thorny brush interspersed with large trees.

The tradition further states that in only one way can the spell be broken.

man must ask who he is and what he wants. He will offer to give to the speaker the wealth of the mountain, only on the promise that one-tenth of the wealth taken from the mine be devoted to masses for the souls of himself and his murdered companions.

BILL NYE'S ADVENTURE.

Describing the Indignity Inflicted Upon Him by a Nefarious Individual.

Yesterday I had a personal conflict of a bitter and acrimonious nature with an unknown person, on my grounds at Staten Island. I desire to speak of it myself rather than have the matter get into the papers in a garbled state.

I live in a quiet portion of the island, just within sight of the Produce Exchange tower, but beyond the reach of the night air of New York. Here, we have civilization on the one hand and the wild whoop of Buffalo Bill's savages on the other. Just near enough to make it exciting.

I did not think I would be annoyed here by peddlars, beggars and fakirs. Yesterday, a plain, sad man rung the door bell. He told my representative that he desired very much to meet me, and presented his card. The name was not familiar to me, but I put on my other coat and invited him into the cold, cold parlor to which I invite people who do not come highly indorsed.

He was rather quiet, and sad in spots. I sympathized with him, for I know what it is to be sad.

He had a letter of introduction, he said, from a well-known literature and contents of mine, which he begged leave to present. I read it. It introduced the bearer in the usual form and begged me to treat him kindly, and stated that any favor shown to him would be gladly reciprocated. I then told the stranger that we had a pleasant room than that, and I would be glad to have him come in and sample it.

"Now," said I, touching an electric bell and ordering a large watermelon, "what can I do for you? Would you like to visit the Woman's Exchange, or would you rather give yourself up to an afternoon with me at Vanderbilt's town?"

He said that he did not wish to take up my time. He had only called on a matter of business, and would not detain me but a moment. He then drew from his concealment somewhere about his person the prospectus for a subscription book, and before I could stop him had said: "We purpose in this work to treat of every thing that people want to know about. It has statistics in it, but they are so presented that you like them. You read along down the long columns with the keenest enjoyment. There is a thread of interest running through these tabulated statements which make you sit up until long after 9 o'clock reading them. All the book is soaked full of interest and thrill and yet it would not harm any one to read it. That is not all. It is reliable. Every remark in it is backed up by statements. It comes just at a time when every one is doubting the authorship of other books and gives to one and all a feeling of confidence and assurance when faith is wavering and the reader is groping and clutching for something tangible and stable. This is essentially a stable book. It tells how to break colts, how to treat cribbers, bolls and army worms, how to bring up children and put down huckleberries, how to treat a setting hen during convalescence, how to make a cook stove or a cistern pump draw, how to write for the papers, how to keep ants out of the pantry, how to make parents self-supporting, how to put up a lambrequin or put down a carpet, how to purify politics or make floating islands, how to modify the tariff or make a good, durable style of pork brine that will not smell like a delayed antopsy of dog days, how to make molasses candy or speak a piece, how to tell by a pig's melt in the fall whether we are going to have an open winter or not, how to bank up a house, how to win the affection of the opposite sex, how to meet an emergency, how to make ink at home which will speak for itself, how to dye a dress black, how to remove lavender pantaloons from fruit stains, how to sew up a man who has tried to run a colored german, hints on hen culture, hints on voice culture, hints on marriage, farming, revivals, etiquette; how to make a good, palatable poultice; what to do in case of drowning, how to make one dandelion root serve as the foundation for a gallon of bitters every spring for ten years, how to amass wealth and dodge the grand jury, how to snare a grizzly bear. In fact, every thing you want to know told in a pleasant style for \$3.50."

It was at this time that the personal encounter took place. I am not a muscular man, but my arms and legs extend in every direction when I am excited. There are longer and more like than those of the average man. An artist from Munich once told me that he thought I was the limblest man he ever saw, and he had seen a great many men.

I did not permanently disfigure this person, but I jolted him severely and contused and concussed him in three or four places, after which he went away. After he had gone, I became more calm. I retired to my dressing-room, where my valet turned my cuffs for me. I then returned to the parlor. On the floor I found the prospectus. It had been left by mistake. I was cooler now. I took it up and read the name of the author on the title-page. It was as follows: "Bill Nye."—New York World.

THE LAST.

The bow of promise binds the clouds,
The thunderbolt has risen, I became
Are those that burn at even:
The flowers that bloom in autumn time
Are dearer than the roses of the spring
So after youth's first passion dies,
The last love is the best.
N. Y. Fashion Bazar.

Their Business Booming.

Probably no one thing has caused such a general revival of trade at A. C. Smith & Co's. Drug Store as their giving away to their customers of so many free trial bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Their trade is simply enormous in this very valuable article from the fact that it always cures and never disappoints. Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and all throat and lung diseases quickly cured.

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Have some most desirable residences which cannot fail to suit purchasers.

WE

Have Choice Selections of vacant corner lots in the best part of town. Also some desirable business property in the centre of the city.

WE

Have south and east of the town lands in small and large quantities selected with great care.

WE

Have some rare bargains over Jordan which we offer in pieces from five to 1,000 acres. Parties wishing large tracts will do well to call on us.

OUR BUILDING LOTS

On the installment plan is such that every man can secure himself a home. Location and prices make them the best bargains in the city

Call Early to Secure Your Choice.

WE OFFER

BUSINESS PROPERTIES

On and near Main Street, which will suit purchasers. We have

VACANT LOTS

In all parts of town. Also very Select Corner Lots. Our houses and lots, in number, location and prices, excel anything offered. See our list of real estate offered on the

INSTALLMENT PLAN.

FOR FARMS AND FARMING LAND,

Our acreages and locations and prices cannot fail to suit. Parties desiring to sell will do well to list their properties with us, as we are selling property rapidly. People desiring to purchase, here is the place, as our list is larger, more carefully selected, and prices favorable.

Persons desiring Coal or Mineral Lands, should call or correspond with us. We have some very desirable property to offer at very low figures, as we wish to close them out, and offer new lands, which we calculate to cut up in building lots, and